

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Enter Clifford, and Warwicke offers to fight with him.

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chase,
My selfe will hunt this Deare to death.

War. Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,
Clifford farwell, as I intend to prosper well to day,
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassailde.

Exit Warwicke.

Yorke. Now Clifford, since we are singled heere alone,
Be this the day of doome to one of vs,
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster.

Clifford. And heere I stand, and pitch my foote to thine,
Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine.
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,
Till I haue spoild the hatefull house of Yorke.

Alarmes, and they fight, and Yorke kills Clifford.

Yorke. Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinewes shrinke,
Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face,
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of Yorke.

Exit Yorke.

Alarmes, then enter young Clifford alone.

Yong Clifford. Father of Cumberland,
Where I may seeke my aged Father forth?
Oh dismall sight, see where he breathlesse lies,
All sineard and weltred in his lake-warme blood,
Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberlands true house,
Sweete father, to thy mured ghost I sweare
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,
Till I haue furiously reuendge thy death,
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

He takes him vp on his backe.

And thus as old Ankeses sonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him against the bloody Greekes,
Euen so will I. But stay, heer's one of them,
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

Enter

Yorke and Lancaster

*Enter Richard, and then Clifford layes downe
him; and Richard flies away againe.*

Out crook'd-backe villaine, get thee from
But I will after thee, and once againe
(When I haue borne my father to his Tomb)
Ile try my fortune better with thee yet.

Exit young

*Alarmes againe, and then enter three or
of Buckingham wounded to death.*

*Alarmes still, and then enter the King
and Queene.* Away my Lord, and flye to
Make hast, for vengeance comes along
Come, stand not to expostulate, let's go
King. Come then faire Queene, to London
And summon vp a Parliament with speed
To stop the fury of these dyre euent.

*Alarmes, and then a flourish, and
Yorke, Edward, and Richard*

Yorke. How now boyes, fortunate thine
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good
And our great honour, that so long we
Whilst faint-heart Henry did vsurpe our
But did you see old Salisbury, since we
With bloody minds did buckle with the
I would not for the losse of this right hand
That ought but well betide that good old
Rich. My Lord, I saw him in the thick
Charging his Lance with his old weary
And thrice I saw him beaten from his horse
And thrice this hand did set him vp againe
And still he fought with courage gainst
The boldest spirited man that ere mine